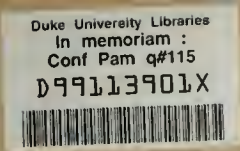


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(From the "Southern Presbyterian" of August 10th, 1861.)

In Memoriam.

Died, in the city of Savannah, on the 7th of July, RUTH BERRIEN, wife of Hon. CHARLES C. JONES, Jr., and daughter of the late Hon. John Whitehead, of Burke county, Georgia.

The death of this most estimable and lovely woman, has filled many hearts with a sorrow which finds no adequate expression in articulate words, but it is a sorrow not without hope. The sombre cloud that has settled over us, has upon its heavenward side the brightest of "silver linings." In the early dawn of womanhood,—surrounded by all that could render life useful and happy,—the cherished wife,—the faithful mother,—the affectionate sister,—the devoted friend,—the kind mistress,—it is indeed a mysterious Providence that called her away. But her death in an eminent degree signalized the power of Divine grace, and the preciousness of a Christian faith.

With so much to live for—so many ties, strong and tender, to bind her to earth,—she was nevertheless able through the great grace of our God, to give them all up without a murmur, and to meet the angel of death in perfect peace, reposing with child-like confidence upon the infinite merit of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

She greatly enjoyed the ministrations of religion in her last hours, constantly craving the soothing and sustaining influences of prayer, and responding with fervent ejaculations to the many petitions which were offered at her bedside. The sweet resignation which filled her soul, the peaceful serenity which rested upon her lovely countenance, and the words of cheerful but humble hope to which she gave repeated utterance, afforded unmistakable evidence, that the shadows of the dark valley were rapidly dispersing before the brightness of *His* coming, who is our light and our salvation.



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As her end drew near, she took a most tender and affectionate farewell of the friends around her, and left kind messages for those who were absent. The servants of the family then assembled, and one by one she bade them all good-bye, with a word of counsel to each, and an exhortation to meet her in heaven. The grief and tears of these humble dependents manifested most clearly how warmly attached they were to their kind mistress, and how sincerely they felt and deplored her death.

Mrs. Jones had but just completed her twenty-fourth year. At an early age she made a profession of religion, and united with the Presbyterian Church at Bath, Georgia, under the ministry of Rev. R. K. Porter. She was an active, conscientious, consistent Christian. Her piety was fervent and deep, and at the same time of a most cheerful and attractive type, like the broad, deep stream that rolls its full current steadily on, while fragrant flowers spring up along its winding banks, and the glad sunlight plays continually upon its sparkling waters. In her dying hours her peace flowed like a river, and her righteousness as the waves of the sea! And thus did she pass away! Thus did her ransomed spirit plume its upward flight and join those who had gone before,—among them her own dear little daughter, who preceded her to the land of the blest by the space of only five days. Thus did she enter upon the joys of heaven, albeit a desolate home, a stricken heart, a tender babe, nevermore can rejoice in the light of her presence upon earth again! But.—

Do you mourn when another star
Shines out in the glittering sky?
Do you weep when the raging voice of war
And the storms of conflict die?
Then why do your tears run down,
And your heart be sorely riven,
For another gem in the Saviour's crown,
And another soul in Heaven?"

SAVANNAH, July 29, 1861.

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